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SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Owing to the great success of these Concerts, they will be continued every Monday evening until further notice. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Bishop, &c., are engaged.

MAD. CATHERINE HAYES & MADAME BISHOP.—On Monday evening next, Jan. 31, at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, together with Miss Poole, Miss Kemble, Miss Stabbach, Miss Gerard, Miss Lascelles, Mad. Lancia, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Santley. Sofa stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved seats, 1s. May be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Frowse and Co., Cheapside; Cramer and Co.'s, and Hammond's, R. gent-street; Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. Thursday Morning, Feb. 3, to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Birth of Mendelssohn. Programme:—Part I. Overture—A Midsummer Night's Dream; Concerto (No. 2) for pianoforte and orchestra—Allegro Appassionato; Molto Adagio; Finale Presto Scherzando. Pianoforte—Herr Pauer. Overture—Ray Blas. Part II. Symphony (in A minor)—The Scottish; Introduction and Allegro Agitato; Scherzo Assai Vivace; Adagio Cantabile; Allegro Guerriero and Finale Maestoso. Under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. At 2.30 precisely. Stalls, 5s.; Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Area, 1s.

THOMAS HEADLAND, Secretary.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Conductor, M. Benedict. Professor W. S. Bennett's "MAY QUEEN," on Wednesday, February 9th, at Eight o'clock, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will appear for the first time in London, together with Miss Stabbach, Miss Palmer; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. The band and choir will number 400 performers. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s. and 7s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each are now on sale at Cramer's; Lender and Cook; Chappell's; Ollivier's; Hammond's; Keith, Frowse, and Co.'s; Mitchell's Royal Library; and St. James's Hall Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly, W.

MRS. ROBERT PAGET, (Contralto, R.A.M.), begs to announce that she will give her FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at Myddelton Hall, on Tuesday next, February 1. Vocalists:—Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Gerard, (pupil of Signor Garcia), Miss Galloway, Mrs. Robert Paget; Mr. W. Dawson, Mr. W. Evans, and Mr. Ransford. Solo pianist:—Mrs. Arthur Willmore; Solo violin:—Herr Goffrie; Conductor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Tickets 1s., 2s., and 3s., at the principal Music-sellers in Islington and Clerkenwell; of Mrs. PAGET, 60, Pentonville-road; and at the Hall. Commence at Eight.

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THE BURNS' FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE centenary of Burns' natal day was a god send to the directors of the Crystal Palace. January is a dull month for the record of great events and great names, and, but for the Scotch poet, the Sydenham year would have commenced gloomily enough. Certainly, there is the anniversary of King Charles the Martyr, but even Mr. Bowley's ingenuity would have been severely taxed to make an attractive programme out of the royal decapitation. Neither could the demise of William Pitt furnish or suggest anything to amuse holiday folks, at least, that we can imagine. There are, besides, several saints' days, and two important Peninsular engagements; but battles had already been tried and found wanting, and the Crystal Palace is too sound a protestant institution to have anything to say to papistical ordinances. The Conversion of St. Paul, however, which occurs on the 25th, might have weighed with the directors to have Mendelssohn's oratorio executed on a grand scale, and perhaps they would have done so, had not the recent performance at Exeter Hall deprived *St. Paul* of its novelty, and the day happened to fall on the poet's anniversary. The directors, consequently, had no resource left them except the birthday of the Scotch poet, and they determined to make the most of that. The difficulties were greater than they imagined.

The "Handel Commemoration," or, more properly, the "Introduction to the Handel Commemoration," which took place in 1857, was a grand and solemn affair—a splendid "prologue to the swelling theme"—the homage of a great people to a great genius, conducted with propriety and dignity. Handel's music was performed—no more. The performance was magnificent, certainly; but that was a collateral consideration. The primal thought was to celebrate Handel through his mightiest masterpieces. There was no difficulty subtended, as mathematicians say. The Crystal Palace, *a priori*, was wonderfully adapted to make a concert hall. Handel's oratorios were the acknowledged *chefs-d'œuvre* of sacred music. The faintest imagination could supply the materials for a commemoration to the composer. It was very different as regarded the Scotch poet. He had given birth to no work which could be executed on a grand scale before a large multitude. The labours of the poet's brain, except in dramatic works, are intended for the closet and not for Crystal Palaces. Songs form scarcely an exception. And what could simple lyrics, however they might appeal to our hearts and our senses, do, sung by one or two individuals in presence of a congregation of many thousands? It was plain that a concert of Burns' songs would produce little effect in the Sydenham Palace. Mr. Bowley, however, was not to be defeated. As early as last November a prize of fifty guineas was offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best poem on Burns, to be read at a Grand Festival to be held on the centenary of the poet's birth-day, on the 25th of the following January. The idea certainly was taking; and a prize poem and fifty guineas were sure to excite the attention of one section of Her Majesty's subjects. But how to attract the notice of the public at large? There was the rub. "*Newer mind*," said Mr. Bowley, like Timothy Quaint in his soliloquy in the *Soldier's Daughter*, "we must abandon the idea of conciliating the Cockneys, and go in for a real Scotch *fête*; there are Scots enough in the Metropolis to fill the Crystal Palace three times over, and we may make sure of every man John—every man Sandy—of them." So the general manager consoled himself, and he was right—that is, as far as the pecuniary interests of the company were concerned. Fired with Caledonian sympathies, Mr. Bowley set to work with earnestness and energy. The concert and the prize poem would hardly prove sufficiently attractive without other aids. A certain part of the palace, facing the Great Handel orchestra, was devoted to a "Court of Relics," in which busts, portraits, autographs, manuscripts, a lock of hair, the writing-desk, and other memorabilia of the Ayrshire bard, together with pictures illustrative of his poems, a sword-stick, silver snuff-box, and other recordations, were exhibited. The Commission, which manufactured Burns into an Exciseman, was also shown—that curious document which endowed him with legal authority for—as he himself wrote—

"Scorching auld wives' barrels—
Och hone! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;—
But—what'll ye say?
These mavin' things ca'd wives and weans,
Wad muv the very hearts o' stanes."

Of course there was a bust which was veiled, and the unveiling constituted no unimportant item in the ceremony. The bust, of the size of life, is from the chisel of Mr. Calder Marshall, a Scotch sculptor, and is taken from Nasmyth's celebrated portrait, according to the eldest son of the poet, "the only one whose authenticity is indisputable." The Nasmyth portrait was one of the most interesting features among the "Relics." A copy of the original, by Nasmyth himself, was likewise exhibited, and to both original and copy was appended such testimony of their genuineness, as completely to satisfy the most sceptical. Burns was more fortunate than many other poets, in having several likenesses taken by competent artists. Besides the two Nasmyths, the "Relic Court" contained the Taylor portrait, taken from life by a friend of Burns, and which, in 1829, was adduced as the most authentic likeness extant, and published by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott and Mrs. Burns, the wife of the poet.

The prize poem and its recitation, and the award of fifty guineas, however, with the concert and the "Court of Relics," the bust and its unveiling, and the recital of *Tam O'Shanter*, were not deemed adequate allurements. What was to be done? A Scotch "haggis" for dinner! The whole "Land o' Cakes," from "John o' Groats to Airlie," would respond tumultuously to so savory an invitation. Moreover, could there be a more felicitous or more substantial illustration of the poet's lines:—

"Ye pow'r's wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a HAGGIS!"

It was pity an so noble a thought should be spoilt. Although the Scotch people are numerous in the English metropolis, and sheep—even Highland sheep—by no means scarce, a London made "haggis," albeit manufactured by an Edinburgh cook, could not, it was supposed, possess the true national flavour. A real unadulterated "haggis" from Scotland, and no other, would consort with the dignity of the occasion. As the "haggis" has been made immortal in song by Burns, its introduction into the Festival may be defended on poetical, no less than gastronomic grounds. Had Messrs. Sawyer and Strange abided by this one famous Scotch dish—however abhorrent to English fancies—and made it a feature in their dining bill of fare, it would have passed without a word of dissent. The poet had celebrated the dish in his verses, and those who could not swallow it, might hold it in reverence. The Amphitryons of the Crystal Palace, however, would not rest satisfied. "If one Scotch dish would make a sensation, what would many do?" So they argued, and concluded to add other "dishes." We cannot compliment Messrs. Sawyer and Strange. They advertised "real 'haggis' from Scotland for the first-class dinners;" the "celebrated sheep's-head pie" for the second-class; and "hotch-potch" and "cock-a-leekie" for the third-class—all for the honour and glory of the poet Burns. Having gone so far, they should have gone farther. They might, for instance, have annexed to their provisionary announcements, Finneron haddocks, Glasgow salt herrings, and black-faced mutton. They might have given out that the viands would be washed down with pure draughts of Glenlivet whiskey and Edinburgh ale, and that the feast would wind up with cutty pipes and a pinch of high-dried "sneeshin." The evening might happily have concluded with a Scotch reel, to the music of the bagpipes and the Scotch fiddle. Nay, to give a proper termination, and one worthy of the bard, to the festal entertainments of the day, and to exhibit their thorough identification with the feelings and desires of the countrymen of the poet, the directors of the Crystal Palace might have allowed every one who dined off the national dishes to go Scot-free and pay nothing; and so ensure them—

selves unbounded patronage in the dining-halls at future Caledonian festivals.

The day, for so uncertain a period of the year, was eminently favourable. Even the gentle Scotch mist, which fell in the forenoon, seemed but a national compliment, paid by the skies to the poet. As early as ten o'clock, the trains from the Brighton and Pimlico stations, afforded evidence that there was a "great stir toward." The Scotch plaids and the Scotch dialect everywhere prevailed, and good humour was in the ascendant. As the first part of the day's ceremonials had been announced for twelve o'clock, the affluence at the Palace was considerable at that hour. The Festival opened with the "Unveiling of the Bust, and Court of Relics"—at twelve o'clock almost to the minute—Mr. Bowley is as exact as he is enterprising. The inspection of these novelties was enlivened by music from the band and pipers of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, and the band of the Caledonian Asylum.

Of the concert, we are unwilling to enter into any details, since the selection was of that kind which reflected little honour on the poet, and in no wise redounded to the credit of the managers of the Festival. In fact, a more shabby affair could not be perpetrated at the most remote suburban concert-room of the metropolis, on any given occasion. The "preliminary" concert on the previous Saturday was vastly superior, since one work at least worthy of the great poet was executed, which might have been performed on a much grander and far more complete scale on the Tuesday. We allude to Mr. Howard Glover's admirably characteristic and highly dramatic music to *Tam o' Shanter*. Had this work, with all the procurable means and appliances to boot for its perfect execution, been reserved for the Festival, the musical arrangements would have commanded respect, in place of exciting amazement and dissatisfaction. Even if Mr. Howard Glover's *cantata* was considered unsuited to the commemoration—although how that could be we are at a loss to surmise—surely the most accomplished artists in the country should have been engaged.

The great event of the Festival was the recitation of the prize poem, preceded by the opening of the sealed envelope, and declaration of the author's name. To Mr. Phelps, the popular actor, electionist, and manager, were assigned the several tasks. The gentleman was received with great applause; but far greater was the excitement created when he took the envelope and proceeded to break the seal. It was as though each of the spectators was himself a candidate for the fifty-guinea laurel, or had some friend or relative directly interested. The silence was intense as Mr. Phelps, having broken the seal, gave out with a stentorian voice, though not very distinct enunciation, the name and address, "Isa Craig, Ranelagh-street, Pimlico." Perhaps not one in a thousand heard the name distinctly. The name is by no means euphonious, nor easy of pronunciation; nor is the centre aisle of the Crystal Palace the most favourable for the transmission of sound.

The prize poem, written after the manner of the irregular, or Pindaric ode, displays a command both of language and metre. The versification, nevertheless, is not always perfect. In the first strophe, the words "birth" and "dower" have no corresponding rhymes. The structure of the verse, in many instances, is devoid of harmony, or that musical cadence, which falls so gratefully on the ear, and without which poetry loses one of its principal charms. Miss Isa Craig writes with her feelings under perfect control; she is not carried away by her subject, but rather makes the subject subservient to her intellect. Some few of the stanzas rise into true poetry. We will adduce a specimen:—

"To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertain'd him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-soul'd.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble, from the linnet's throat."

Pass the compound words "joy-wines," and "poet-soul'd," and the above is faultless. Not less poetical is the stanza in which the authoress, in a truly feminine spirit, throws the cloak of charity around the poet's failings:—

Though he may yield
Hard-press'd, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

We may dismiss these brief remarks on the prize poem, by stating our conviction, that Messrs. Monckton Milnes, Tom Taylor, and Theodore Martin, to whom was assigned the arduous and ungracious task of reading through the 620 contributions, and selecting the best, have honourably discharged their trust. It is curious, if true—as we are informed—that had the poem, marked in the catalogue as 8,904, and which, in the report of the judges, "had been considered as inferior only to the one awarded the first place," and which "involved considerable difficulties in the decision," gained the prize, the successful candidate would have been a boy of fifteen.

In the second part of the concert, the audience were invited to join the chorus, most of the pieces being arranged for solo and full choir. This proved a lamentable failure. The vast crowd was voiceless, and remained insensible to the invitation. None of the performances of this part are entitled to particular notice, if we except Miss Dolby's "John Anderson, my jo," a delightful example of expressive ballad-singing. Last of all, the National Anthem was given, and here the audience broke from their reserve, and joined vigorously in the benedictions and gratulations to Queen Victoria.

The following verse was added to "God save the Queen" by Mr. Thomas Oliphant, who contributed the lyrical homage to the poet in the first part of the concert.

"Long live her daughter fair,
Lov'd wife of Prussia's heir,
And future Queen.
On this their wedding-day,
Sing we a joyful lay,
God bless them both we pray,
God save the Queen."

It only remains to add, that *Tam o' Shanter* illustrated by dissolving views, photographed from the subjects, by John Faed, Esq., R.S.A., was recited in the lecture-room, at the north end of the Palace, several times in the course of the day, and that, to the real lovers of Burns, the reading of his immortal poem proved the most agreeable feature of the "Festival."

GLUCK'S "ARMIDA."

(From the *Revue Contemporaine*.)

HAVING retired into the country, to enjoy the repose of the vacation, and being compelled, both by regimen and reason, to abstain for the moment from my favourite studies on jurisprudence and history, I have allowed my thoughts to stray towards the more flowery paths of the most attractive of the fine arts, where I have met with Gluck's *Armida*. The reminiscences of a *chef-d'œuvre* are agreeable companions in one's walks, and pleasing subjects for meditation. I will note them down in the following lines, as an act of homage rendered to a classical genius, and one of the greatest masters of theatrical music. In my long researches after what is just, I have frequently perceived what is beautiful on the other side of the boundary. If I over-step the latter to-day, I trust I shall not be too severely criticised by those persons of cultivated minds who know all that is comprehended in human intelligence. The nine muses are sisters; Melpomene and Euterpe belong to the same sacred family as Clio.

I have greater excuses to make to real musicians for having dared to set my profane foot on the ground rendered peculiarly their own by knowledge. I confess I have spoken of their art more as a man who is fond of it than one who is acquainted with it. Nevertheless, I think I have spoken of it with those healthy ideas which such men as Haydn and Mozart have fixed as its immutable principles. In music, as in literature, I adore exclusively the classic gods; not that, in my eyes, the ancients are the classics, and the moderns the reverse. Ronsard and Brébeuf are ancient, but they are none the better for that. Rossini is modern, but equal to the ancient classics, by the natural truth, clearness, and magical colouring of his style. Classicity is genius allowing itself to be guided by good sense and good taste in painting nature, passion, sentiment, and absurdity, in such a manner as to charm persons of delicate and refined minds. In literature, I recognise the Beautiful, strictly speaking, only by the light of the precepts laid down by Horace and Boileau. For this reason, whatever may be said on the subject, I could never admire Shakspeare any more than Voltaire did. Madame de Staël, with her false notions, vaunted in France the indocile and misty poetry of Germany. Instead of seeing what we have gained by our literary loans from the other side of the Rhine, I am struck by the loss they have occasioned us. In music, the immortal masters, who are our delight, have carried away the prize of their art only because they have applied the laws formulated by Horace and Boileau, which are those of the Beautiful in all its manifestations. Beethoven, as great as anyone when he observes them, fails whenever his indomitable genius allows itself to depart from them; I cannot forgive him either for a few cloudy and eccentric errors, nor especially for the fatiguing length which disfigures his most admirable compositions. This great man, so prodigious in the many instances where he is as classical as Handel and Haydn, errs in not knowing when to stop, and, from not having paid attention to the *ne quid nimis* recommended by the councillors of Parnassus, has left the sceptre of perfection in the hands of Mozart, whose infallible taste says all that is necessary to be said, but never says too much.

"Tout ce qu'on dit de trop est fade et rebutant ;
L'esprit rassasié le rejette à l'instant."—BOILEAU.

Mozart, who came after Gluck, surpassed, perhaps, by the universality of his genius, the progress made by his predecessor, though he profited greatly by it. He preserved the clear, correct, and full form of his melodic phrase (*phrase chantée*) as well as the usual pattern of his basses, which follow the melody with elegance, not simply to complete the accord, but to express a thought as well. We find, also, in him, the skill which can make the orchestra speak without smothering the vocal parts of his work. In a word, the points of affinity are revealed in a thousand details of style, which impart a family likeness, as it were, to creations bearing, in spite of this fact, the peculiar and very different impress of their respective authors. This is a circumstance I remarked, some years ago, when, thanks to M. Auber, that enlightened guardian and elegant continuer of good musical traditions, I heard the first three acts of *Armida*, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory. But what produced a still more lively impression on me was the grandiose and pathetic quality of the opera; it seemed to me that time, which wears away the marbles of Paros, but consolidates the masterpieces of human intelligence, had injured neither its vigour nor brilliancy. I take a pleasure in freshening up again my impressions at that period by describing them now. Perhaps, too, I may be thanked for calling attention to a composition eminently adapted for preserving in men's minds the worship of the Beautiful, as it sparkles in productions consecrated by the admiration of centuries.

It was on the 23rd Sept., 1777, that Gluck's *Armida* was performed for the first time on the stage of the Opera; one year after *Alceste*, and one year before *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The book, a brilliant effort of Quinault, afforded music, and the arts which go hand in hand with the latter, an opportunity of developing their powers of seduction and their magnificence. Inspired by his reminiscences of Tasso, the poet enriched his drama with heroic and passionate scenes. *Armida*, vacillating between love and vengeance, and enamoured, despite herself, of young Renaud, over whom her arms have not been able to triumph; Renaud, insensible to the redoubtable charms of *Armida*'s beauty, but vanquished by her perfidious spells, and forgetting at her feet, in voluptuous delights, the deliverance of the Holy City and the manly emotions of war; Hate, rising from her frightful subterranean abode in compliance with the incantations of *Armida*, who wishes to tear from her heart the sentiment of which she is ashamed, but by which she is subjugated; *Armida*, terrified at her own rage, revolting suddenly against the implacable goddess, and surrendering herself more than ever to her

powerful love; then hell, arming its most seductive agents against the Christian knights, and offering them, in the midst of the enchanted gardens, the cup of pleasure and forgetfulness; and, lastly, Renaud, saved from his error, enlightened by his companions as to the unworthy artifices which have fascinated him, and restored to the battlefield and glory, while the despairing *Armida* gives vent to her rage, and buries her fatal love beneath the ruins of her palace; what a subject for the lyre of a great master, supported by the fascinations of painting and dancing! Gluck felt that this drama belonged to his genius, simultaneously tender, strong and graceful, and composed a masterpiece, which may be placed side by side with the finest epics the imagination has ever produced.

Let us endeavour to give a faithful sketch of it.

At the rising of the curtain, the theatre represents the palace of *Armida*, the Queen of Damascus, and a royal enchantress acquainted with all the secrets of the powers of darkness, on whom she imposes her laws. She appears, followed by her two attendants, Phœnicia and Sidonia. Her brow is clouded with sombre looks, and her faithful companions do not understand the cause of her sadness. Young, handsome, inspiring every one with an amorous flame which never troubles her own heart, and victress over Godfrey's camp, she has nothing to desire, and yet she is besieged by black thoughts. Phœnicia and Sidonia endeavour to console her. But *Armida*, who would fain hate Renaud, whom she loves without yet avowing it, cannot bear the idea that, of all the Christian army, the invincible knight should be the only one who has defied the power of her eyes. She gives vent to her mortification at not having been able to achieve the conquest of his great heart. To her irritated pride is added the terror caused by a gloomy dream. In a troubled and delirious sleep, she has beheld Renaud rushing forward to immolate her, and, while her fatal conqueror withstood her prayers, she herself, a suppliant on her bended knees, was unable to resist being charmed by him, at the very time he was piercing her heart with the deadly steel.

This first scene is not treated according to the system adopted by modern opera for its *introductions*. In the time of Gluck and Mozart it was not requisite that an opera should contain, as its exordium, one of those brilliant pieces which the modern school, under the inspiration of Rossini and Weber, have generally made a rule of adopting at the present day. According to the plan of these later masters, the *introduction* is a picture freely sketched, in which the composer begins by giving the audience a specimen of the most brilliant colours on his palette. The solo, sometimes martial, as in *Otello*, and sometimes graceful, tender, and flowery, as in *Il Barbiere*, is associated with the voices combined in several parts, and the whole is crowned by the masses of the chorus, which, by their sonorous powers, complete the musical interest. The introduction of *Guillaume Tell* is plainly the masterpiece of this kind of composition; that of *Der Freischütz*, more temperate in its style, is quite as much a model for freshness, originality, and cleverness. But the old school, without rejecting this striking form of entering on its subject, did not bind itself down to it uniformly. If the commencement of *Orpheus* and that of *Iphigenia in Tauris* immediately rivet our attention by the mixture of the solo with choruses full of strong and magical expression, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* commences with a simple duet, like Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. It is true that this duet in *Le Nozze* is perfect, both as regards the delicacy of the motives, as well as the course followed by the bass, in which are exhibited the first phrases of the orchestra.

It is by means no more complicated than this, that Gluck has dared to treat the first scene of the fine subject of *Armida*. The three personages who fill the stage do not combine their voices. *Armida*, whose companions do not understand the torments she is suffering, is preoccupied by her own bitter thoughts while listening to their advice, and interrupts them only to reveal, partially, the cause of her sadness. The prolonged dialogue between *Armida* and her two attendants derives its colouring wholly from the natural truth of the situation. As the subject turns on *Armida*'s triumph and the alarms of war, Gluck might have indulged in a grand flourish of drums and trumpets. He did not choose to do so; this was not the place for it: "*non erat hic locus*." Such warlike allusions would have been out of keeping in a subject which merely touches on them cursorily.

The only artifice in this part of the work is that of a marked contrast between the melodies the composer puts in the mouths of Phœnicia and Sidonia, and those by which he renders the acerbity, concentrated rage, and sinister presentiments of their mistress. The strains of Phœnicia, and of Sidonia, sometimes united and sometimes separate, are simple, naïve, and easy. They would be balsam for *Armida*, were her heart susceptible of consolation. The sorceress answers them in vehement accents, the energy of which is skilfully restrained within the limits of

sober expression. The soul of Armida does not yet overflow; she conceals from herself and from her companions her greatest torment, love, which will be her ruin. The composer felt that the great and terrible explosions would come later; he resolved to graduate the interest, and go progressively through the various shades of passion. A man must possess talent, combined with great self-control, to keep, with such profound ability, within the limits of truth. Yet, despite this moderation, which is a rare effect in art, I am acquainted with nothing more pathetic than the *recitative* of the dream. Gluck paved the way for it by the agitation of the orchestra, and the accentuated and rapid rhythm of the violins, tenors, and basses. Then, on reaching the lines:—

"Je suis tombée aux pieds de ce cruel vainqueur;
Rien ne fléchissait sa rigueur."

its imitative sounds are breathless with affright, subsequently dying away in grief and sobs at the verses:

"Je me sentais contrainte à le trouver aimable
Dans le fatal moment qu'il me perçait le cœur."

Gluck's style is strewed, every instant, with these startling traits, which resemble the *mots trouvés* of Bossuet and Rousseau. For instance, what a charm and what calmness in the following phrase of Phenicia:—

"Nos tranquilles rivages
N'ont rien à redouter!"

What a novel and proud turn in the following:—

"Ses plus vaillants guerriers, contre nous sans défense,
Sont tombés en votre puissance."

And, when Armida says:—

"Que je le hais! que son mépris m'outrage!"

we feel the threatening of the storm in her heart, abandoned to the most indomitable passions! Gluck is distinguished above all other musicians for the truth of his pictures. His music is not of that kind which may be set to any words, and of which we may make, in turn, an air for a dance, a declaration of love, or a martial song. He is the faithful interpreter of the poetry, and his touch, similar to that of a painter who copies nature to embellish it, copies, so to speak, the verse, by communicating to it all the power of musical art.

Suddenly, after a sweet song sung by Sidonia, the trumpet, horn, and drum resound. We might fancy we heard the infernal clarion mentioned by Tasso, and which summons the inhabitants of the realms of darkness. It is Hidraot who arrives, Hidraot, Armida's uncle, and her master in the arts of necromancy. Frozen by age, and seeing death at hand, he is desirous that Armida should consolidate her empire by a good marriage. But Armida, who inspires others with a fatal passion without ever sharing it herself, clings to her highly prized liberty, of which she vaunts the charms. If, however, she consents to plight her faith, it will not be sufficient for a man to be a king to aspire to her hand. The conqueror of Renaud (if any one can be his conqueror—"si quelqu'un le peut être") will alone be worthy of this honour. The parenthesis ("si quelqu'un le peut être") was formerly celebrated, and deserves to be so, on account of the profound and exact sense of the lyrical expression. In this scene, Armida appears quite different to what she was an instant previously. Amiable when speaking of her liberty, she is haughty when speaking of a husband. Three *points d'orgue*, happily placed by Gluck at the conclusion of three successive phrases, marvellously mark this character of majesty.

Ever since the familiars of the demon have appeared at the Opera, they have enjoyed the privilege of expressing themselves in severe, rough, and harsh language. I may instance Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, and Bertram in *Robert le Diable*. Hidraot, from whom they have sprung, traced their path for them; his two airs are broken by bold, unexpected, and abrupt modulations. We have not yet, however, an explosion of the infernal regions. We shall come to that later. It is the sombre character of a person accursed; it is a Satanic melancholy issuing from the lips of an old man destined to be the victim of the powers of darkness, whom he will soon join.

But suddenly the scene changes, and a luminous ray lights up the horizon. The chorus comes forward and sings the glory of the victorious Armida, who is still more amiable than redoubtable. The colouring of this piece is most brilliant. It shines with a splendour similar to that of the Eastern sun. A feeling of nervous enthusiasm inspires it; a lively and joyful strain animates and hurries it forward. The orchestra is rich, clear, and learned. The sparkling touches of the violins are supported by vigorous basses, and ornamented by the traits of the hautbois, clarionets, bassoons, horns, and drums. Twice does

the chorus stop to give us an opportunity of hearing the charming solos of Phenicia and Sidonia; twice does it resume its brilliant refrains, and charm still more vividly the audience. Lastly, dances, mingled with the songs, put the finishing touch to the celebration of Armida's victory and beauty, while the chorus again takes up its motive, and employs it as a conclusion to the exquisite scene.

But scarcely has the pomp of this triumph uttered its last cries of joy, ere a lugubrious sight surprises our minds. Arontes, charged to bring in Armida's captives, arrives wounded and staggering. A redoubtable warrior has delivered the prisoners, and that warrior was alone. Who is he? Armida does not require to hear his name. Her heart, her presentiments, her love, and her hate, have said to her: "It is Renaud!"—"It is he himself!" replies Arontes. A dull shudder then pervades the ranks of the troops and people of Damascus, and, shortly afterwards, their fury bursts out in threats of vengeance:

"Poursuivons jusqu'au trépas
L'ennemi qui nous offense."

It is to these words that Gluck has composed the magnificent *allegro* which terminates the first act, a masterly piece which has served as the type of the finales we most admire in Mozart and Rossini, for we meet with its forms in *Don Juan* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The voices articulate a strongly accentuated rhythm, while, at the same time, the orchestra, collecting all its sonorous elements, pours forth rapid triplets, in which the basses take part, while the horns execute the plain notes of the accompaniment. All this excitement, tumult, and popular rage, carries the audience along with irresistible force; if I might be permitted to compare music to poetry, I would say that this is as epic and grandiose as the finest passages of the *Iliad*.

The first act terminates without Renaud's having appeared. But we already know him by his reputation, by the reports of his valour, and by the passion of Armida, who loves him, hates him, and wishes to be avenged. At the commencement of the second act, and after a determined ritornello, Renaud arrives, accompanied by Artimedorus, one of Armida's captives, whose chains Renaud has just broken. Banished from Godfrey's camp for having killed the proud Gerand, Renaud deploras not being able to assist in the deliverance of the Holy City. But brave, indefatigable, and invincible, he employs the time of his exile in succouring the innocent, the weak, and the oppressed. These adventures are the cause which has led him to the dominions of Armida. Artimedorus, only too well acquainted with the enchantress, warns him of the snares and perils which await the most intrepid in this hostile country. Renaud, whose heart knows no weakness, and whose soul is free from fear, thinks he can be sure of himself; he swears to Artimedorus that he has nothing to fear either from Armida's spells or from her vengeance.

The scene opens with a proud and majestic recitative, such as is suited to Renaud. But its character changes at the lines:

"Heureux si j'avais pu consacrer mes exploits
A délivrer la cité sainte,
Qui gémit sous de dures lois!"

The hero's grief is re-echoed by the broken chords which issue from the orchestra, like groans. The harmony advances in a skilful manner, the recitative being subjected to the measure, and producing a sentiment of lively emotion. M. Meyerbeer was happily inspired by this in the phrase of Alice's recitative:

"Pour accomplir l'ordre de votre mère,"

in the first act of *Robert le Diable*.

I must mention also, the chivalrous turn of the air:

"Le repos me fait violence,"

and of the following:

"J'aime la liberté."

But, while the brave knight is pursuing with confidence his erratic course through the territories of Damascus, Armida and Hidraot are plotting his destruction, and conjuring the infernal powers to draw him into the snare that will place him in their power. We here have the celebrated duet:

"Esprits de haine et de rage,
Démons, obéissez-nous!"

This piece, as striking by the work for the orchestra as by the energy of the vocal parts, is written with great dash, the hand of the master being apparent at every note.

After a ritornello in F, to which repeated syncopes impart a character of agitation, a short recitative reveals the purport of the scene. Then the violins and violoncello, combining sometimes with the third and some-

times with the sixth, in the strident sound of E sharp, articulate a trait formed by vibratory batteries, every note of which is brilliantly marked by a double stroke of the bow. This trait is obstinately sustained during the entire *morceau*, and mirrors the vindictive tenacity of the two interlocutors. At the same time, the double basses and bassoons take the low and essential note with great liveliness, while the hautbois and clarinet, in unison, and strengthened by the tenors, support, by their penetrating tones, sometimes the biting gravity of the bass parts, and sometimes the incensed accents of the violins. On this sombre and agitated background, Armida and Hidraot hurl their imprecations. They combine the expressions of their rage, or answer each other in echos, alternately, and from this horrible concerto spring the most tragic impressions, obtained without exaggeration and without noise, for the trumpets and horns have not even the smallest place in it. The powers of darkness are not always evoked by such sober and certain means.

But the deed is done. The powers of darkness triumph, and Renaud falls into the snare prepared by his enemy. The delicious prospect of a flowery spot, caressed by the zephyrs, prompts him to repose on the bank of a small stream, where the warbling of the birds mingles with the murmuring of the waves; he sits down, and takes off his cuirass, in order to enjoy the cool breeze. Armida is waiting to kill him. Sleep soon overcomes him. He is in the power of the sorceress. This situation is eminently lyrical; it offers the most happy opportunity to a musical genius, and Gluck has adorned it with all the graceful charms of his divine muse. Listen to the flutes, more gentle than those of Phrygia, which lull you with their voluptuous strains! Under the supple contours of this gentle song, the violins execute a murmur light as vapour and as caressing as the breeze. In this marvellous combination, everything aids in charming the ear, including the veiled notes of the violins and basses, with the prolonged ones of the clarinets and hautbois! It is like a piece of velvet, which pleases both the eye and the hand, or the silk which ornaments the figure of a young nymph. Renaud, ravished and intoxicated with delight, repeats the strains of the flutes, and utters them amorously along the rose-strewn paths of the magical orchestra.—

"Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire."

What a charm there is in the inspired phrase:—

"Non, je ne puis quitter des rivages si beaux."

Suddenly, this harmony, already so gentle, becomes still more gentle. Renaud yields to the empire of sleep, and his voice no longer breathes aught but languishing sighs, which finally die away in the vapoury *pianissimo* of the orchestra. To complete the charm, choruses of naiades and shepherds fill the air with songs of love and pleasure. The flutes and violins combine their most tender and most delicate sounds. Mozart has given us a reminiscence of this in the gay piece of his *Don Juan*: "Giovinette, che fate l'amore." Soon afterwards, the dances commence, varying their seductions, sometimes to a sportive march, sustained by the voices of the performers, sometimes to a solemn minuet, and sometimes to the soft rhythm of an *andante à deux temps*. But of all these perfumes of lyric art the most exquisite is the solo, which concludes the smiling picture:

"On s'étonnerait moins que la saison nouvelle"...

This is a pure, transparent, delicious melody; the union of the violins and tenors impart to it a character of gentle reverie, which is added to the sportiveness of the situation, and gives it a more pungent zest.

The decisive moment, however, approaches: Armida, filled with ideas of revenge, appears armed with the steel destined to pierce Renaud's insensible heart. We feel a foreboding of her arrival, from the agitation manifested in the orchestra, as well as from the violence of the violins, and the rage which appears to roll beneath the sharp sounds they utter.

"Enfin, il est en ma puissance"—

says Armida, and then one of the most dramatic airs ever sung on the stage commences by a recitative of incomparable eloquence. What a piece of good fortune for an artist, worthy of the name, to have to lend her talent to such a masterpiece! Why has the neglect of ancient art deprived a *cantatrice* such as Madlle. Cruvelli, for instance, of so fine an opportunity for advantageously displaying her energy and passion? Armida raises her hand against Renaud, but, when she contemplates him on the grassy bank where he reposes, is moved, and hesitates. In vain she tries to lash herself into fury. An inexpressible feeling overcomes her, and pity, stronger than hate, causes the poniard to drop from her grasp. The beauty of this recitative is exquisite; the struggle which rends Armida's heart speaks in the vocal and instrumental music,

and we shudder at the roaring of the ascending scales of the violins and basses, and the plaintive sighs which answer them. This is a sublime page of pathos, in which everything is natural and true.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MANCHESTER—(From a Correspondent).—Dr. Mark's grand annual Musical Festival, the week before last, has been marked by eminent success. The "Concert for the People," on Saturday evening, was equal to any of its predecessors. Dr. Mark and his Little Men gave ten concerts during the week—two each day, at the Corn Exchange—to the children of all the National and Sunday schools, at which not less than 50,000 juveniles were entertained. These concerts went off without the slightest accident, and in a manner productive of the highest gratification to all concerned. The occasion was worthily marked by the reading and presentation of a poetical address to Dr. Mark, by Miss E. Wrigley, with a gold pencil-case, set with amethysts, from 125 youthful admirers, and, on Saturday afternoon, a *papier-mâché* inkstand was presented by Thomas Cook, of the City Road Academy, on behalf of the schools of Manchester.

The poem was as follows:—

"Though small the offering, pray accept
This gift from loving hearts,
And though so trifling in its way,
Yet kindness it imparts;
For children with affection greet
Your presence here to-night,
And hand to you this glittering gem
With pleasure and delight.

"They wish you, sir, bright years in store,
And happiness complete;
They wish your efforts may be crown'd
With triumphs truly great;
They wish that your good lady, too,
And all your little men,
May still command that general praise
From every heart and pen!

"When cares and toils oppress your mind,
And casual troubles come,
Look on this gift and think of us,
Who treasure you at home;
And then, with spirits blythe and gay,
You'll bravely work your way—
And think of us, who nobly strive
To honour you to-day!"

MISS LIZZIE WILSON gave her first concert, in the New Hall of the Whittington Club, on Thursday, the 27th inst., assisted by Miss Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Belletti, H. Blagrove, T. Distin, and Watts; Mr. Land being the conductor. The *bénéficiaire* (who appeared to be labouring under extreme nervousness) sang the *cavatina* from Verdi's *Nabuco*, "Anch'io dischiuso un giorno," "Where the bee sucks," and a song by Schloesser, "The Queen of the sea," taking part also in the quartet, "Un di, si ben rammentomi," and in the duet "La ci darem," and "Parigi o cara." The *cavatina* evidently overtaxed her powers both of voice and execution, but a warm encore was given to "Where the bee sucks," as also to the duet from *Don Giovanni*, with Sig. Belletti. The latter gentleman sang with great expression the air, "D'Arline in rammento," better known as the "Heart bowed down," from Balfe's *Zingara*, or *Bohemian Girl*—or Bohemian old woman, we should say, by this time. He also took part with Miss Dolby in the duet "Bella immago," from *Semiramide*. Mr. H. Blagrove, in Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia-capriccio*, displayed those excellent qualities as a violinist which are too well known to require any praise from us. Miss Dolby was encored in Duggan's ballad, "Many a time and oft," and in Lady Dufferin's Irish song, "Kate's letter," for which she substituted an old Scotch song, "The hundred pipers." The programme being of the general character of benefit concerts—a *réchauffé* of odds and ends, operatic bits, ballads, &c., presented no feature of interest; and a good deal of the effect was lost owing to the hall being unfinished, very cold and uncomfortable, and only partially filled. Such prices as 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d. are too high for an "entertainment" of this stamp.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Continued success. Nightly Crowded Houses. Seventh week of the new Opera and Pantomime.

ON MONDAY, January 31st, and during the week,
 Balfe's *SATANELLA*; OR, *THE POWER OF LOVE*. Miss Louisa Pyne, Rebecca Isaacs, Susan Pyne, Mortimer, Mr. Weiss, G. Honey, St. Albyn, W. H. Payne, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. The Little Pantomime, *LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*. Mr. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Barnes, and Flexmore, Miss Clara Morgan, Mdle. Morlacchi, and Pasquale. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven.

Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 5s.; amphitheatres, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatres, 1s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons, where places may be secured free of any charge for booking.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

MONDAY, HAMLET. Tuesday, *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Wednesday, *LOUIS XI.* Thursday, *MACBETH*. Friday, *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*. Saturday, *THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS*, and the *PANTOMIME* every evening.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The Last Six Juvenile Nights of the great Pantomime, with its unapproachable transformation scene. Clown by Tom Matthews. On Monday, and during the week, the performances will commence with the Comic Christmas Pantomime of *QUEEN ANN'S FARTHING AND THE THREE KINGDOMS OF COPPER, SILVER, AND GOLD*; OR, *HARLEQUIN OLD KING COUNTERFEIT, AND THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MAGIC MINT*; Princess Fame, Miss E. Terry; Truth, Miss A. Downing; Harlequin, Mr. W. Smith; Columbine, Miss Anne Cushman; Pantaloon, Mr. H. Martin; Sprites, by the brothers Juan and Felix Carlo; and Clown by the acknowledged best, Tom Matthews. To conclude with *THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE*.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1859.

THE shabbiest musical event of the week has been the Burns' Festival, with its "sham-monster concert," of which it would be difficult to speak in terms of sufficient reprehension. The only vocalist present of the first rank was Miss Dolby, who sang the ballad of "Lord Gregory," with admirable dramatic expression—in fact, perfectly in every way—and in the second part of the entertainment gave "John Anderson, my jo," with equal success. Miss Ransford, a most pleasing ballad-singer, was also engaged; but, with the exception of the two ladies we have named, there was not a singer present worthy of being heard on such an occasion as a Festival in honour of Burns, while there were some whom we would at all times gladly avoid.

It appears harsh, perhaps, to speak thus of ladies and gentlemen who, apart from their art, may be most estimable persons, but it cannot, in our opinion, be too often repeated, that bad singing is intolerable, and that its intolerableness is in proportion to the beauty of the music ill executed. But after all it is not Mr. MacDavitt's fault that he cannot sing; nor shall we blame Madame Poma for a harshness of voice and an infelicity of execution seldom to be met with even by those who, like ourselves, attend six concerts a week. We do complain, however, that the directors of the Crystal Palace should have engaged such "incapables," when, by the simplest means in the world—merely by paying—they could have secured the services of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Louisa Pyne, and, in fact, as many good singers as (according to the Crystal Palace directors) there are memorable anniversaries. The Scotch, the most hospitable people in the world, are often accused of parsimony by the English. We judge of the entire nation by a few needy Caledonian adventurers, who make the metropolis their residence. But for thorough Scotch economy (as understood by the vulgar) we will back the Crystal Palace directors against the whole

of North Britain. They proclaim a wish to do honour to the memory of Burns, and on that pretence collect nearly fifteen thousand persons to hear his best songs sung out of tune. It is true they also consented to accept the loan of certain relics (some of which, such as the lock of hair, might have been considered too sacred for such an exhibition); and they routed out the *Tam o'Shanter* group, which had long been lost sight of, in the midst of monsters of various kinds, and placed the figures in front of the "Italian" orchestra as it is called—probably because it is usually occupied by Herr Manns and his German band. Nor did they omit to obtain a plentiful supply of sheep's-head broth, sheep's-head pie, haggis, cock-a-leekie, hotch-potch, and other Northern delicacies, all of which—for the greater glory of Burns—were supplied to the public in the form of a dinner, and at a charge of three shillings a head (with threepence to the waiter). We have nothing to say against haggis, and far be it from us to revile cock-a-leekie, but we repeat that the concert—the only part of the festival in which the directors had a chance of showing any liberality—was a failure; and that it failed chiefly through the meanness of the managers. It had been announced that two thousand vocalists belonging to the Handel Commemoration Choir were invited (not engaged) to attend; while all sorts of provincial deputations were expected to be present, and were present, for aught we know to the contrary. It was an ingenious idea, we admit, to get several thousand choristers together and make them perform for nothing. However, as we may bring the horse to the pond without being able to make him drink, so we may bring singers, by invitation, to the Crystal Palace, and not be able to make them sing. On the other hand, it is just probable that a few thousand persons did raise their voices; but the choral arrangements were quite without order, and the Glass Palace is so utterly unfitted for concert purposes that it was impossible for persons sitting near the orchestra to hear. Nor can the effect of the voices have been imposing in any part of the building; for afterwards, on ascending to one of the highest galleries, we found it equally impossible to hear. The bands (the ordinary one combined with that of the Scots Fusiliers) were effective; but they were certainly not too loud, and could not have drowned the voices, if the "amateurs" had been very energetic, or if the audience generally had joined in the choruses, in compliance with the printed request of the directors. In order to facilitate the vocal labours of the public, the words and music of the songs, with choral refrains, had been printed, and numerous copies were sold in the palace at the moderate charge of twopence. It is, however, too much to expect a British crowd to sing at sight, and the only Scotch air with which the small minority who even attempted to vocalise appeared to be already acquainted, was "Auld Lang Syne." Nevertheless, at the end of the concert, "God save the Queen" was given with some enthusiasm, and many parties of Scotchmen, on their way home, sang their national airs with considerable boisterousness in the railway carriages, which proved by no means "bad for sound," whatever might be thought of the sound itself.

From a monetary point of view, the Burns' Festival must have been a great success; and we may be allowed to suggest that a portion of the profits should be handed over to the committee of gentlemen appointed to receive subscriptions for the benefit of Mrs. Thomson, the poet's only surviving daughter.

On the evening of Tuesday last, Mr. Angus Fairbairn, alluding to Burns, whose centenary he was celebrating, spoke as follows, at St. Martin's Hall :—

"How doth his spirit scorn the hireling band,
Six hundred strong, who by great Grove's command,
This day have strained their eager wits to raise
The stipulated money's worth of praise.
Poor as I am, 'twould be no work of mine
On such a day to serve at Mammon's shrine."

Now, we do not mean to say that the above is correct in all its details. The six hundred "hirelings" who, prompted by an advertisement of the Crystal Palace Company, have recently spoiled so many reams of paper in honour of Robert Burns, did not strain their "eager wits" on Tuesday, but some time before that day; else how could the literary martyrs doomed to judge of their effusions have found time to read them? On Tuesday, there was no straining of wits; but simply a straining of lungs on the part of Mr. Phelps, who had to read the inspired verses of Isa Craig. Nor can we accept, without hesitation, Mr. Fairbairn's statement, that he would not "serve at Mammon's shrine" on the 25th January, 1859; inasmuch as on the evening of that day he gave his very agreeable entertainment "A Nicht wi' Burns," and people paid to hear him—many people, we are happy to add.

Again, we think that Mr. Fairbairn is a little hard on those unfortunate "hirelings" who tried to sell a copyright to the Crystal Company. "Sell," mind—that's the word. "Great Grove," speaking in the name of shabby Sydenham, did not offer them a free gift; but bespoke an article which his Company was willing to purchase. The copyright of Isa Craig's Ode is now the property of the Crystal Palace Company. If Mammon at all—it was, after all, a very puny Mammon that stimulated the lady-bard to write the be-laurelled verses on the Caledonian poet, and that ultimately caused the 599 rejected lyrists to tear their hair in desperation.

Nevertheless, with the broad sentiment forcibly expressed by Mr. Fairbairn we perfectly agree—namely, that there is something exceedingly contemptible in selecting a poet's birthday as an occasion to traffic in his memory. Hence we cannot speak in terms sufficiently strong of the last attempt of the Crystal Company to convert a sentiment into a source of profit, when the results of that sentiment might be more legitimately employed. A Handel monument is to be raised at Halle, and, of course, a high degree of enthusiasm is kindled by this project in the minds of all lovers of classical music. Accordingly, the Crystal Palace gets up a Handel Festival—not to increase the amount of the monument fund, but to go snacks with the Sacred Harmonic Society in the money paid by a Handel-loving public. The centenary of "Burns' Festival" chances to fall at a time of year when there is a lack of more obvious provocatives, and, accordingly, the Crystal Palace becomes violently Caledonian in its sympathies, and invites every native of the Land of Cakes, who is now a sojourner in London, to do honour to Scotia's bard and—contribute to the Sydenham treasury. A subscription is at this moment being raised for the benefit of the only surviving daughter of Robert Burns, but the Crystal Palace commemoration has nothing to do with that. Of course it hasn't. Sydenham charity not only begins at home,—it never stirs abroad. If it gives a Christmas banquet, it makes its plum-pudding out of brown paper: if it offers fifty guineas reward for an ode, as some people do for an absconded clerk, it insists on the copyright.

The Crystal Palace is, however, free from one sin, and that is saying something in this wicked world. No one can accuse it of hypocrisy. If it seeks to turn a penny by the enthusiasm of others, and even by stimulating that enthusiasm, it no more affects to be enthusiastic itself than a pair of bellows affects to be the kitchen fire. Never was a less magnificent treat afforded to a large body of people than the exhibition of Tuesday last at the Crystal Palace. A museum of uninteresting articles, raised by voluntary contribution; a series of songs, for the most part so indifferently sung, that the audience shrank from joining in the chorus, though invited with an energy worthy of the chairman of a Free-and-Easy; a military band or two, with a Highland fling played on the organ, and a galantee-show, illustrating the poem of *Tam o' Shanter*—such were the varied delights that accompanied the unveiling of a bust of Robert Burns, on a spot with which his name is not in the slightest degree connected by tradition or anything else.

By way of supplement to this article, we append two poems, one the prize-ode—the fifty-guinea ode pronounced the best of 600 by three gentlemen eminent in literature, and read by Mr. Phelps amid a general atmosphere of humbug—the other, a simple copy of verses written by Mr. Angus Fairbairn, and by him recited at St. Martin's Hall, without any pomp or circumstance, to an audience of "cannie Scots," who could feel for the memory of their national poet, without rushing over London Bridge to take part in a general tom-foolery. The prize-ode is, we admit, more elevated in character, more ethereal, and more obscure than Mr. Fairbairn's very straightforward lines, which are somewhat too much in the old prologue and epilogue manner to suit the taste of the present day. Nevertheless, taking into consideration that the purpose of the two poets is to set forth the especial claims of Robert Burns to the veneration of posterity, in a manner that shall be intelligible to large multitudes, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that this purpose is more successfully effected by Mr. Fairbairn than by the winner of the Sydenham prize.

PALACE ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

"We hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

"As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they float,—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;

So through the past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

"A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

"At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve, outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;—
To what else was he born?

"The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered.

"To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love warble, from the linnet's throat.

"But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,—
A King must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

"Though he may yield
Hard-press'd, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

"Of martyr-woo
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd,—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

"It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent!
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tun'd
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

"Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That He so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

"The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breath'd;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he lov'd; the songs he sung;—
All, all are dear!

"The arch blue eyes,—
Arch but for love's disguise,—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister-lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

"For doth not song,
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?"

MR. FAIRBAIRN'S "LINES."

"SCOTLAND, her stern cold eye bedew'd with tears,
This day looks backward through a hundred years
To yon wee cottage on the banks o' Doon,
Whose hearth still blyenly cheers the wintry noon,
And to that spot each manly heart returns,
On this the natal day of Robert Burns.
Blessed be his rest, in Alloway kirkyard,
Who rear'd that cot, and poorth's evils dared,
Who honour's rugged course unwearied ran,
And bore unstained the dignity of man.
And sacred be the sward that laps her head,
The first fond mistress of that clay-built shed,
Who fired her first-born's heart with Scotia's lay,
The slogan of the old heroic day,
And rocked his cradle to the pastoral strain
Of simple days, that ne'er return again.
As, when light breaks, the laverock upward springs,
And full of innate joy to nature sings,
So sang our poet, artless, clear, and strong,
And age to age the heartfelt notes prolong.
This day in every land, in every clime,
They meet to honour one, who, in his time,
Was true to man,—to love,—to nature true,
And never from his path of pride withdrew,
And never, never stooped to Mammon's power,
But lived as he had sung, until his dying hour.
How doth his spirit scorn the hireling band,
Six hundred strong, who by great Grove's command,
This day have strain'd their eager wits to raise
The stipulated money's worth of praise!
Poor as I am 'twould be no work of mine,
On such a day, to serve at Mammon's shrine.

"Since Coila crown'd her ploughman-bard with bays,
Three English Kings have number'd out their days,
And England now, in pith of sense and worth,
Ranks first and foremost monarch of the earth,
For she hath wisely scorn'd the tinsel show,
The false distinction whence discord doth grow,
The gaudy stamp of merit, dead and gone,
And placed her trust in living worth alone;
Laid her sure empire on the Maker's plan—
The universal brotherhood of man.
'Tis well the name of BURNS to us is dear,
'Tis well his words of wisdom charm our ear;
That people must be chief the earth's among
Who march unto the measure of his song.

"All generous souls with us those scenes renew,
That rise so fresh and fair on fancy's view,
The "braes o' bonnie Doon," the groves of Ayr,
Montgomery's streams to him sae fu' o' care,
The Leglin wood where Wallace went to bide,
When treachery and death were hounded side by side.
The Cassilis downlands where, on Halloween,
The fairy elves danc'd o'er the moon-lit green,
When anxious lovers fain their fate to trace
In mystic rites, met warlocks face to face.
The harvest-eve when first-love's thrilling joy
With sweet delicious ardour filled the boy,

The upland field, where, in prophetic hour,
His ploughshare crushed the crimson tipped flower,
The sacred Nith, where, from the worlds on high,
One "lingering star," beamed on his wak'rif eye,
And Mary from her "blissful place of rest"
Shed hallow'd memories on his anguish'd breast.
Lincluden's towers, where oft as gloamin' gray
Stole o'er the distant hills of Galloway,
In pensive walk, when life drew near its close,
Forgathering glories on his vision rose,
Far, far beyond earth's carking cares and woes,
Beck'ning him onward to sublime repose,
Mossiel and Ellieland, each well-known spot,
Dear for his sake, and ne'er to be forgot.
All social souls do now with us recall
The heartwarm love he felt for one and all,
The friendship true, the fond fraternal glow,
The pitying eye that wept for want and woe,
The kindly hand which tenderly withdrew
Poor frailty's failings from censorious view,
The love of woman, joy of joys, supreme,
Soul of his song, his life's most hallow'd theme,

"Away with narrow bounds of creed to-day,
They love not Burns who own the bigot's way,
They love him not who wish a line unsung,
That tears of spite from canting rascals wrung,
When his keen satire broke their dull defence,
And laid them bare, the scorn of common sense.

"Scotland, not all thy victories, ten times told,
Though on the fairest scroll of fame unroll'd,
Are half so glorious as the fame you've won
This day, in name of thine immortal son;
Then, by that name which hypocrites detest,
But by the honest-hearted loved the best,
Avoid—oh, ay avoid!—the scrimpled line,
Which seeks to circumscribe the love divine.
Add to thy clear intelligence and truth,
The generous faith, the charity, and ruth,
The manly pride, which every meanness spurns,
The catholic grandeur of thy Poet—Burns!"

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.—A new drama, entitled *The Borgia Ring; or, a Legend of Stonehenge*, was produced on Monday night, with little or no success. In *Nicholas Nickleby*, Mr. Crummles, the manager, having two tubs on hand, which he does not know what to do with, has a piece written "up to them." This seems to have been the process by which the new drama was concocted. The author had an idea of Stonehenge in his mind's eye, of which he did not know what use to make, and so he wrote up to the idea. The piece is the varietal balderdash ever introduced on the boards of a respectable theatre; and Mr. Benjamin Webster—one of the shrewdest and most experienced of managers—must, indeed, have been sadly in want of a novelty, when he accepted such a miserable hash. The Adelphi audience, always so good-humoured and easily pleased, could not withstand such an infliction on Monday night, and, in one or two scenes, gave vent to unmistakable symptoms of their dissatisfaction. *The Borgia Ring*, nevertheless, has been retained in the bills during the week—a proceeding on the part of the manager for which we do not pretend to account. On Monday, Mr. Wright is announced to make his first appearance, after his recent severe indisposition.

LYCEUM.—The new three-act drama, *The Sister's Sacrifice; or, The Orphans of Volneige*, produced here lately, has been an undeniable success. The quiet domestic interest of the story, happily sustained throughout, the striking contrast in the characters of the two sisters, and the very excellent acting of Madame Celeste, have combined to this result. Although taken from the French, *The Sister's Sacrifice* possesses nothing of the complications, mysteries, and surprises with which Gallic pieces almost invariably abound. The atmosphere is calm in which the personages move, and the interest is concentrated without effort or a striving after effect. A more pleasing entertainment we have seldom witnessed.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Charles Kean is making the grand tour of all his performances. This week he has appeared in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *The Corsican Brothers*. On Wednesday next, Mr. Kean is announced to play Louis XI., of all his modern impersonations the most finished and powerful.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—It would have been fortunate for the Opéra-Comique company if they had restricted their performances to burlesque operas. But then it would have been no easy matter to discover in that class of productions a work so attractive as *Le Caid*, of Ambroise Thomas. This amusing little *opéra bouffe* has been brought out at the St. James's, and is, by many degrees, the most satisfactory performance of M. Remusat's troupe. The deficiencies of the artists are less noticeable, and more excusable, when singing in caricature than in seriousness, while incompetence may find a shield in extravaganza. Certainly any accomplished *cantatrice* may make the part of Virginie a vehicle for the most brilliant vocal essays which have been effected by Mesdames Charton, Ugalde, and other artists of fame; while the character of the Tambour-Major might have afforded scope for displaying the powers, stentorian and artistic, of Lablache himself. The music, in short, though a travesty of the Italian *opera buffa*, was intended, and should be made, to employ the talents of first-rate artists. Audiences, nevertheless, are ever inclined to make allowance when nothing but fun is intended, and think, when a mistake is committed, the artist did it on purpose for effect. With all its faults, the performance of *Le Caid*, on Friday, the 21st, was spirited. Madame Fauré, as Virginie, sang occasionally with brilliancy, her clear and beautiful upper notes—which, however, she should use more judiciously—telling with great effect. Mdlle. Nina Soria, who sustained the part of Fathma, has a voice of indifferent quality, and somewhat weak, and not at all well regulated. Berotteau, the *coiffeur*, was played by M. Emon; the Tambour-Major, by M. Bryon d'Orgeval, with a good bass voice, if he knew how to use it; Ali-Bajon, by M. Montreuil, in a more extravagant than comic vein; and the Cadi, by M. Montclar, who gave an effect to the music he never intended, by singing with a severe cold. *Le Caid* has been repeated twice. To-night, Hérol's opera of *Le Pré aux Cleres*, is announced for performance.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

WE have already discussed at length the objects and pretensions of this institution. Our readers must be now fully aware that a very large number of our musical professionals and non-professionals, native and foreign—amounting to no less than between 600 and 700—have founded an association for the advancement in this country of art and its followers. At the very commencement, the Musical Society of London looked promising. The prospectus was in the highest degree satisfactory. An admirable code of laws was prepared, and, with one exception, obtained unqualified approval. The greatest care and pains have been taken to conciliate all classes of musicians—no small task, it must be allowed—and everything like *cliquism* sedulously avoided. No wonder, then, that such crowds flocked to the new standard, and that so many was desirous of being enlisted in the ranks. The Musical Society of London has only to steer clear of the favouritism, prejudice, and narrowness of feeling, which proved fatal to the old Society of British Musicians, to become the leading institute in the country. It has entered upon the first year of its existence with far better prospects than any society we can remember, and, with a fair measure of spirit, liberality, and independence, a brilliant future may be anticipated for it.

The first concert, given on Wednesday evening, at the St. James's Hall, constituted a splendid inauguration. The band comprised all picked men, from the Philharmonics and the Operas, and numbered about seventy. Every department was complete, and over all presided Mr. Alfred Mellon—a better conductor than whom it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. The programme, as will be seen, and instantly acknowledged, was a model:—

PART I.—Overture, "Melusine," Mendelssohn, Recitative and Scenes,

"Before my eyes beheld him" (*Der Freischütz*), Mad. Catherine Hayes, Weber. Concerto, Violoncello, Sig. Piatti, Molique. Cantata, "May-Day," solo, Mad. Catherine Hayes, G. A. Macfarren.

PART II.—Symphony, C minor, Beethoven. Recitative and Aria, "Sombres Forêts," Mad. Catherine Hayes (*Guillaume Tell*), Rossini. Overture (*Fernand Cortez*), Spontini. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Mendelssohn's overture, played to perfection, at once satisfied everybody as to the quality of the band.

Madame Catherine Hayes, who had not appeared before a London audience for two years, was received with distinguished favour. The scena from *Der Freischütz* is one of the most difficult ever written for a soprano voice, and would tax to the utmost the powers and talents of a Lind. The performance of Madame Catherine Hayes was characterised by expression and energy. The recitative, perhaps, was somewhat elaborated, but the slow movement was well sung, and the impetuous *allegro* dashed off with spirit. The music of the "May Queen," in Mr. Macfarren's cantata, was not so well suited to her. His fine work, however, in other respects, was perfectly executed, and received with intense delight; the chorus of "The hunt's up" being enthusiastically encored.

To amateurs of the violoncello, the concerto of Herr Molique—one of the most masterly ever written for the instrument—with Signor Piatti's magnificent playing, was one of the most attractive features of the concert. The slow movement exhibited to perfection the unequalled tone and expression of the Italian *virtuoso*, while the *finale* displayed his wonderful execution.

Beethoven's gigantic symphony was a grand performance. Mr. Alfred Mellon had his executants under the most powerful control, and every indication of his *bâton* was apprehended as if by instinct.

The overture of Spontini—masterly, brilliant, and highly dramatic—would have created a much greater sensation, had the majority of the audience remained in their places to hear it. We shall be glad to hear the overture to *Fernand Cortez* again, or, indeed, any other composition of the kind, from the pen of the too-much neglected Spontini.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The first "undress concert" took place, on Tuesday evening at the St. James's Hall, and may be deemed the heliacal rising of the Vocal Association previous to the appearance of the true sun, on Wednesday, March the 2nd, when the season will be inaugurated in earnest. The entertainment, on Tuesday, was altogether a private affair, to which subscribers only were admitted. The singers were either untried ladies and gentlemen, or members of the Association. There was no orchestra, but the programme was well varied, and showed a good selection. The choir of the Vocal Association sang several pieces, among others Kücken's part-song, "Swabian National Air;" Loewe's motet, "Salvum fac Regem;" two-part songs by Mendelssohn—"The Wandering Minstrels," and "In the forest;" and Meyerbeer's "Lord's Prayer," the first time of performance. Kücken's part-song was encored.

The vocalists, in addition to the members of the Association, were Mdme. Cedroni, Miss Harrington, Miss Gresham, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Sig. Luigi. The performances of these artists most entitled to notice, were Ricci's air, "Ah, già soffrì," by Mdme. Cedroni, and Agatha's cavatina, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, by Miss Gresham. The violoncello accompaniment to Weber's song was capably played by Herr Danbert, who executed a solo on "The last rose of summer," which was eminently successful.

Mr. Benedict, the conductor, was received on his entrance into the orchestra with distinguished applause.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

OUR remarks of last week as to the character of the programme of these concerts will apply with equal force to the scheme for the 27th instant. We are glad to find the morning papers are giving the directors wholesome advice on the subject, which we trust may be attended to in the event of another succession of popular concerts taking place.

Mdme. Viardot Garcia and Mr. Sims Reeves were the stars upon the last occasion, and met with a warm reception from the audience. The former sang, among other things, "Il soave e bel contento" of Pacini, and the two Spanish airs with which she has already more than familiarised the public. Indeed, we had hoped by this time they had been literally "done to death."

If Mr. Reeves will sing such *very* popular ballads as "Good bye, sweetheart," &c., he must expect to pay the penalty by being encored in a manner as vigorous as that of the frequenters of "Evans's," the "Canterbury," "Weston's," or any other of the music halls with which the metropolis abounds. Certain it is that the audience would take no denial, and showed no mercy; and, although Mr. Reeves had already sung five songs instead of three, would not be contented with his appearing twice, and bowing his acknowledgments, but persisted in a demonstration as uproarious as it was disgraceful; nor was it until Mr. Hatton had made a speech, begging their kind indulgence for Mr. Reeves, who was suffering from hoarseness, that they were pacified.

Encores were also awarded to Miss Eyles and Signor Luchesi, in "Si la stanchezza;" to the Swedish singers, in their "Hunting Echo Chorus;" and to Herr Engel, for his harmonium *fantasia* on airs from *Don Pasquale*, for which he substituted the serenade from *Don Giovanni*.

Mr. Brinley Richards gave, with his accustomed ability, a pianoforte solo of his own composition on the "Last Waltz"—persistently attributed to Weber, although it is well known to be Reissiger's. Miss Eyles, in her two songs—Auber's "Young Mountaineer," and Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart"—pleased the audience, no less by the excellence of her voice than the unaffectedness of her style.

The exquisite and masterly performance of Signor Regondi, in his concertina solo from *Les Huguenots*, only made us regret that so much talent should not have been devoted to a nobler instrument.

The same executants appeared, on Thursday evening, at Miss Van Noorden's concert, which will be noticed next week.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE third concert was given, on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. The programme was more than usually varied, there being no less than five new pieces—a motet for soprano, contralto, and chorus, "I will extol thee, O God, my King," by Mr. Henry Leslie; a part-song for male voices, "The bud is on the bough," by Mr. Frank Mori; a bacchanalian song for male voices, "Come, fill ye right merrily," by Mr. C. E. Stephens; three sacred part-songs—"Christmas," "The Passion," and "Easter"—by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; and part song, "Far from din of cities," by Mr. George B. Allen. All these were not equally well performed. The part-song of Mr. Frank Mori was discreditably to the choir, who, on one occasion, were completely out, and the conductor was forced to stop and make them begin again. We must hear Mr. Frank Mori's new composition under more favourable circumstances, before pronouncing definitely as to its merits. Mr. C. E. Stephens' song gained one of the ten-guinea prizes offered last year by Mr. Henry Leslie. This "steady bacchanalian"—as the *Morning Post* calls it—was, on the whole, very steadily given. The three part-songs of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, exceedingly clever and well written for the voices, went tolerably well, but will, we have no doubt, go still better at the next performance. They were much and deservedly admired. Mr. Henry Leslie's motet, on the other hand, left little or nothing to be wished as regards execution. We cannot blame the members of the choir for displaying special zeal and energy on behalf of their director.

The best performance of the evening was Pearsal's madrigal, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains," which was encored; and next to that, Banet's madrigal, "All creatures now are merry-minded;" Morley's madrigal, "Fire, fire;" and Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana," all of which were written some two hundred years ago.

By far the most interesting feature of the concert, however—

although by no means the most efficiently performed—was Mendelssohn's sacred *Cantata*, for tenor solo, with double choir, and organ accompaniment—a true master-piece—Mr. Regaldi singing the tenor part, and Mr. John C. Ward presiding at the organ.

Mr. G. A. Osborne's "Grand Concertante Duet," for two pianofortes, on themes from *L'Etoile du Nord*, was executed in a highly spirited manner, by the Misses Cazaly and Hemming—two promising young pianists.

The selection comprised too many novelties, which, perhaps, may account for the shortcomings of the choir in Mr. Frank Mori's part-song, particularly, and their comparative inefficiency throughout the concert.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—We learn from the *Brighton Gazette* that a fancy dress ball, on a very grand scale, was given, on Tuesday night, at the Pavilion, in aid of the funds of the Brighton Dispensary. Upwards of three hundred of the most fashionable residents and visitors attended. The costumes were extremely splendid. The Royal Artillery Band, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, was engaged. On Wednesday, a miscellaneous concert, in aid of the same charity, took place in the Music Hall, the Artillery Band again attending.

LEEDS.—(From our own Correspondent).—At the cheap concert in the Town Hall, last Saturday, the principal attraction in the programme was Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, performed by Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Mann, Mr. Westmoreland, Mr. Hinchcliffe, and a chorus under Mr. Burton's direction. The solos were well sung, but much unsteadiness was shown in the choruses, whilst the piano accompaniments were not of sufficient support to the choral body. On Wednesday, M. Julien gave a second concert, when the audience was not quite so large as on his previous visit. Several pieces were loudly encored during the evening, and the selections from Beethoven and Mendelssohn were enjoyed immensely. The principal topic of conversation in our musical circles is the near approach of a grand concert, at which Miss Arabella Goddard, Madame Viardot-Garcia, and other celebrated artists, are to appear. Since our festival, the praises of Miss Goddard have been chanted throughout Yorkshire, and the desire to hear her again in Leeds has been shown by the brisk purchase of tickets.—The Festival Committee held a meeting during last week, and entered into a resolution to use their exertions towards obtaining a new oratorio from Dr. Bennett, for the next Leeds Festival in 1861.

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—Our townsman, Mr. Gustavus Geary, held his annual grand concert, on Monday evening, in the Ancient Concert Rooms, when, in consequence of the great attractions of the programme, there was an immense attendance. The performances began with the "round" from *Fidelio*, which was followed by a duet of Balfe's, sung by Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Geary. Mr. Winn, the excellent bass, then gave Weiss's "Village Blacksmith" (extremely well sung and encored); and to him succeeded the heroine of the concert—the celebrated London pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, whose wonderful execution of our countryman's (Vincent Wallace) *fantasia* on "Robin Adair," raised the audience to enthusiasm. The encore awarded to this display was not to be resisted, and, when Miss Goddard returned to the platform, the applause was reiterated with redoubled vehemence. In the second part the same brilliant result attended the young lady's unrivalled execution of "Home, sweet home," which being also unanimously redemanded, she came forward and played a new and remarkably showy *fantasia* on Irish melodies, entitled "Erin," and composed for her by Benedict. That this was sure to go to the hearts of an Irish assembly, may be easily understood. Its success, indeed, was prodigious. Besides the solo pieces, Miss Goddard joined in a brilliant duet on airs from the *Huguenots*, for piano and violin, with M. Remenyi, solo violinist in Her Majesty's private band, which elicited the warmest applause. Miss Louisa Vinning, from the metropolis, was at the head of the lady-singers. She gave, amongst other things, "Tacea la notte," in a style so animated that the audience expressed a unanimous wish to hear it again; instead of complying with which, however, Miss Vinning sang the well-known

ballad, "Comin' thro' the rye," at which no one complained. Of course all Mr. Geary's efforts met with the favour they merited, and especially his expressive interpretation of a graceful ballad by Mr. Linley, "Still in my dreams thou'rt near me." Mrs. Wilson, too, a clever pupil of Mr. Geary, must be named honourably, and particularly lauded for the manner in which she rendered the "gem" of Balfe's new opera, *Satanella*—the charming and melodious "Power of Love." M. Remenyi's solos (including, of course, the *Carnaval de Venise*), though somewhat fantastic, were greatly relished and much applauded. The concert afforded the utmost gratification to Mr. Geary's numerous and fashionable supporters. To-morrow morning (Jan. 25th), the whole party goes to Cork for three concerts—returning to Dublin, for the Rotunda concerts, on Thursday.

CORK, Jan. 27th.—(From a Correspondent).—Our ancient and beautiful city has been thrown into a ferment of excitement these two days past. Mr. Gustavus Geary, the excellent tenor singer from Dublin, has been here, giving three concerts—two evening (Tuesday and Wednesday) and one morning (Wednesday)—at which the "bright particular star," the "observed of all observers," the "cynosure of every gaze" was the justly renowned Arabella Goddard, in whose praise the London connoisseurs have been as eloquent as the ancient bards in praise of their kings and heroes—and with far juster reason. You can form no notion of the enthusiastic reception Miss Goddard has met with. On every occasion, the concert-room of the Cork Athenæum has been crowded to inconvenience, and on every occasion an "ovation" of the most flattering description has been paid to the young and highly-gifted artist. I shall not attempt to describe the three concerts in detail—for neither my own leisure nor your space would admit of it. Enough, that at the first evening concert, Miss Goddard played Wallace's "Robin Adair," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." The first being enthusiastically encored, she returned, and played Benedict's capital *fantasia* on Irish airs, entitled "Erin," which created an impression not easy to describe. "Home, sweet home," fairly set the audience beside themselves; and, when the musical amateurs of Cork are excited, "furore" is but a feeble epithet to express the manner in which their feelings are demonstrated. After being encored, and substituting Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*, Miss Goddard was twice recalled, amid plaudits that seemed as though they would never end. At this concert, Miss Goddard also performed, with M. Remenyi, the violinist, the *Huguenots* duet, which was so successful in Dublin. At the second concert (Wednesday morning) the same brilliant reception was awarded her. The solo pieces were Liszt's *Patience*, and Thalberg's *Masaniello*. The last was the favourite, and, being loudly re-demanded, "Home, sweet home," was substituted, the first few notes of which were hailed by a shout of applause. The duet was again the *Huguenots*. The third and last concert was, perhaps, the greatest triumph of all. Miss Goddard only introduced one solo; but this was Thalberg's *fantasia* on the "Last Rose of Summer," which being encored, another Irish *fantasia* was substituted, viz., Benedict's "Erin," of which I have already spoken. The duet, this time, was a splendid piece of classical music—the delicious Sonata in G, Op. 30, for piano and violin, of the great Beethoven (violin, M. Remenyi). This was received with such rapture, that Miss Goddard may safely, on her next visit to Cork (which we all hope will be soon), venture on playing more music of the same kind. Suffice it, her career, during her short visit to Cork, has been one of uninterrupted triumph.

Miss Louisa Vinning pleased universally. Her ballads, such as "Kathleen" (for which, on the encore, she substituted, "Comin' thro' the rye"), "Cherry ripe," and Macfarren's simple and beautiful "When shall we meet again?" were received with the utmost favour, and far more keenly relished than such things as Verdi's cavatina and Pedroni's (who is Pedroni?) *valse*. Mr. Geary—a highly and deservedly esteemed professor of the vocal art, and a general favourite here, as in all parts of Ireland—was applauded in all his songs, most especially "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Phoebe, dearest," which he sings

to admiration. Poor Mr. Winn was so knocked up with an awful sea passage from Holyhead to Dublin, that, after the first concert, he was unable to sing, and his place was supplied by Mr. Topham, late of Worcester. This was much regretted. M. Remenyi's violin solos were pronounced eccentric, but marvellously clever. I am, however, no judge of such matters. The concerts, to conclude, have proved eminently successful, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense.

XX.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Greatly extended, by the writer (expressly for the *Musical World*), from an article in the *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*.)

(Continued from page 54.)

SETTLED at Vienna, Beethoven placed himself under the tuition of Haydn; but, on showing some pieces the master had revised to Schenk, a creditable composer, who pointed out errors in them which Haydn had overlooked, he formed the idea, which he never relinquished, that he received lessons, but not instruction from him. Under this impression, he refused Haydn's proposal that he should style himself his pupil on the works he printed. His irritable temper was further excited against the venerable symphonist, by Haydn's advising him, with worldly prudence, not to publish the third of his first set of trios—that in C minor—which Beethoven considered, and posterity confirms the judgment, the best of the three.* It is not to be supposed that Haydn, of all men, ignored the merit of this composition, but, rather, that he deemed this a probable hindrance to its favourable reception, and so thought the young author would be indiscreet to stake his reputation upon it. Beethoven, however, with his constitutional independence, must have felt himself offended, as a man, by the proposal of what he may have considered as a compromise, if not wronged, as an artist, by what he may have esteemed as the depreciation of his music. He dedicated to Haydn, however, the next work he printed, and so paid a worthy homage to the genius of the master, without committing himself by unjustifiable acknowledgments. Though he had previously published several works, and had written many that have never appeared, the trios were the first to which he affixed a number; and we may infer from this that he chose to date his career as a composer from them.

Now, and for some time later, all he wrote bears the impress of his time; and even when we feel it most to be Beethovenish, this is but because we fail to identify in it a marked characteristic of Mozart (powerfully evinced in this master's Pianoforte Sonata in C minor), which seems to have especially fascinated him, and in the development of which may be traced much that is generally accounted peculiar to our author. In the trio, named above as his favourite, this manner is particularly apparent.

It may have been among his causes of dissatisfaction with Haydn, that this master thought more highly of him as a player than as a composer; and so sanctioned an opinion, repugnant to his self-esteem, that was then prevalent. His playing may well have raised the enthusiasm of all who heard it; for though wanting in mechanical finish, and even, occasionally, in accuracy, it had a charm, from its deep expression, from its fiery energy, and from its highly-wrought character—from, in fact, the thoroughly artistic spirit it embodied, which has never been surpassed; and we have little to wonder that the less appreciable talent of composition should have been at the time partially eclipsed by one so dazzling.

Beethoven was glad to take the opportunity of Haydn's second visit to England in 1794, for breaking connection with him; and immediately placed himself under Albrechtsberger, with whom he went through a course of contrapuntal study. A superficial observer of his works might apply the composer's comment upon his late, also to his present master; for though it appears, from his taking every occasion to introduce it, to have been his particular ambition to excel in fugal writing,

* M. Lenz states that these trios were composed in 1794; but his dates are so at variance with other authorities, and so contradictory in themselves, that they cannot be trusted.

it is in this style that he is less successful than in any other. His counterpoint has an effect of stiffness and effort, singularly opposed to the spontaneous freedom that characterises everything else he wrote; but this results, not from unskilful training and insufficient knowledge, it is rather because the nature of his ideas renders them insusceptible of this kind of treatment; and crudity is the consequence of forcing them into uncongenial development. There are, indeed, some grand exceptions from this generalisation—the last movement of the *Eroica*, above all others—but there still exist too many examples to justify the remark.

In 1796 he first began to suffer from that dreadful malady—the worst evil to which he of all men could be subject—which embittered his life, which influenced his character, which excluded him from society, and which cannot have been without its important effect upon his music—the loss of hearing. Space will not permit the recital of the many painful incidents that sprang from this calamity; but it must be noticed that it made him irritable in temper, violent in manner, and suspicious to the last degree; detesting to play or even to appear in company, and distrustful of every one, even of those most zealous in his interest. It is needless to trace the course of the disease through thirty years, which, baffling the greatest medical skill, and proceeding by degrees, ended in almost total deafness. Nothing can be more pathetic than the manner in which Beethoven speaks of his affliction in his letters to Dr. Wegeler, to Bettine von Arnim, and others; but it cannot require his own words of complaint to make us estimate the misery it occasioned him. Let it not be thought profane to mention here one whimsical consequence of this misfortune. It naturally led Beethoven to seek, in the light periodical literature of the day, the resource which others find in conversation, and his love of drollery fixed his attention upon the perverted expressions common in facetious writing, which, unaware of their peculiarity, since incapable of testing them in social parlance, he adopted in his ordinary speech, and thus his language, abounding in epithets that had no reference to the occasion, became extravagant, if not unintelligible.

In 1797, Beethoven made his only artistic tour, visiting Leipzig and Berlin, at which latter city he played several times at court, received a handsome gift from the king, and wrote his first two violoncello sonatas, to perform with the then popular Duport. In the Prussian capital he met with Prince Louis Ferdinand, the friend and pupil of Dussek, who warmly appreciated the rare merit of the remarkable young musician, and thus proved his right to Beethoven's acknowledgment of his deep feeling for music. Shortly afterwards, in Vienna, a fashionable countess gave an entertainment, to bring this famous dilettante and artist together; when she greatly incensed the latter by not assigning to him a place at the nobility's table in the supper-room; for which, however, the prince made some amends by seating the composer on his right, and the countess on his left hand, at a dinner of his own; but Beethoven had already resented the indignity put upon him and his art, and thus given the first proof that is recorded of the republicanism which was his indomitable political principle. Strange as it may seem that, surrounded by the admiring aristocracy of the country, and fostered with a truly fraternal fondness by them, he should have nourished such a feeling; his proud independence was unswerving, and he would have sacrificed the highest worldly advantages rather than suffer this, in the slightest degree, to be compromised.

Of all the great musicians that have been, no one has shown such a continual development of his genius as Beethoven, and so great was this, that critics have classed his works in three separate styles, corresponding with three periods of his life; but although his mind was in an incessant state of progress, and the productions of each epoch are manifestly distinguished from those of the other two, this distinction must be understood to refer to style and not to merit, since in his latest years he wrote bagatelles and other pieces of the lightest, nay of the most trivial character; whereas in this early time he produced some of his greatest, if not his most individual masterpieces, such as the Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, the Quintet in the same key, and the Sonate Pathétique.

It was now that Beethoven took lessons, professedly in dramatic composition, of Salieri, his connection with whom is acknowledged in the dedication of his first three violin sonatas. Whatever he may have expected, "he received lessons, but not instruction," from this fashionable composer of his day; for the grand dramatic power which marks his writing was not to be taught him, and the conventionalities of the lyric drama are totally absent from his few theatrical works.

(To be continued.)

MR. AND MRS. F. B. JEWSON'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—One of the posthumous pianoforte duets of Mendelssohn, a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, and a sonata for piano and violin, by Beethoven, were the "classic" pieces in the programme offered to the numerous and fashionable audience who assembled at the residence of these talented professors, on Thursday evening. Mrs. Jewson played the sonata, with Mr. Clementi (violin); Mr. Jewson, the trio, with Mr. Clementi and Mr. Aylward (violin and violoncello); and Mr. and Mrs. Jewson, the posthumous duet of Mendelssohn. The performances both of Mr. and Mrs. Jewson were deserving of the highest commendation. They played *con amore*; and Messrs. Clementi and Aylward also deserve praise for their able assistance. Mr. Jewson also played some solos of his own composition (among which were several brilliant and graceful Studies), and, with Mrs. Jewson, Osborne's showy duet for two pianofortes, on the *Etoile du Nord*. The genuine applause at the end of each piece marked the pleasure enjoyed by the audience. The vocalists were Miss Ellison, Miss Augusta Manning, and Mr. Frank Bodda.

MR. SIMS REEVES.—"It is reported," writes the *Atlas* of Saturday last, "that this gentleman will appear in the Italian opera company, now forming by Mr. E. T. Smith, for the representation of Italian operas at Drury Lane Theatre in the spring."

ROME.—Verdi's new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (*Gustave III.*), will be produced at the Theatre Apollo, about the middle of February, the principal characters by Madame Jullienne-Dejean, Signors Fraschini and Coletti.

PARIS.—*Don Giovanni* is in rehearsal at the Italiens, but Mario has given up all thoughts of playing the libertine, and re-assumes his old part of Ottavio. Signor Badiali will be the Don. Madlle. Guerrabella will make her *début* in *Elvira*, and the other parts will be sustained by Mesdames Frezzolini and Penco, and Signor Zucchini. Signor Ronconi, after his present engagement at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, does not purport again visiting the city of the snows, intending to make Paris his winter residence in future.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, & ALMANAC for 1859, is now ready. Contents:—1. Almanac, with Musical data and blank spaces. 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the kingdom. 3. Musical Transactions of the past year. 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, &c. 5. List of Music (copyright only) published between 30th November, 1857, and 30th November, 1858. Price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d. May be had at Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co., 20, Charing-cross, S.W.; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and all music and booksellers.

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